

## A trick of the light

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# **A trick of the light**

by [Blueyedgurl](#)

## Summary

Alina finds herself sneaking down the hall towards Aleksander's room and finds exactly what she was looking for.

Alina slipped down the dark hall. She found herself doing that more now, ever since Aleksander had taken guardianship over her. A few times she had found him in his office, looking over papers and maps.

She couldn't explain the draw, but there was something in her that responded to the pull within. The light seeking to balance his dark. She wondered if he felt the same way.

She knew she wasn't of age, knew that he probably viewed her as a child but it didn't stop her from creeping towards his chambers when he wasn't in his office. She wanted to prove to him that she wasn't a child, that she was worthy of his attention.

She had experienced rushed and secret fumbling with boys her age growing up, but wondered at Aleksander's experiences. Was he considered worldly? Would he laugh at her if she was inexperienced or clumsy?

No. He'd already taught her so much, he'd take it upon himself to teach her more, to guide her hand.

Sometimes she would listen at his bedroom door, curious how he spent his evening hours, it was always quiet. Until the other night.

She had heard him moan and thought it was a sound of distress until she heard him call her name. She had put her hand on the door handle about to go in but knew that would be too far. She had been ashamed then of listening. But she'd been restless since. It'd been difficult to go to sleep, even after bringing herself what meager pleasure she could ring out.

Did he think of her, like she thought of him? Or was it a nightmare, she knew that he had them, just as she did.

Finally, after a week of restless nights, she couldn't take it anymore. She threw off the covers and found herself creeping down the dark hall. Past the darkened office and towards his room.

Her heart raced as her hand rested on the doorknob a moment before turning it, hoping it would stay as silent as the darkness that engulfed her.

She was successful in keeping the quiet and slipped into the dark room, orange embers burned low in the grate of the fireplace and she couldn't make out much outside of the large shape of the four poster bed.

She crept towards it.

What if he was awake? What would she say? That she's drawn to him in a way that makes her thighs rub together seeking relief? Or does she make an excuse, that a nightmare had chased her down the hall, to his room to seek comfort?

She crept up to the curtain that separated them and found the gap. She slipped inside and carefully crawled onto the bed, pulling up her nightgown to keep her legs from getting tangled in the hem.

His soft breaths stuttered and she stilled until they evened out again. She crawled over to him, unable to make out more than his shape in the light that peeked in through the gap in the curtain. She laid next to him and kept still until she was confident in the depth of his sleep. She didn't want him to wake, not now, she tried to tell herself it was enough to lay here next to him.

That was until her hand reached out and laid on his chest. She was surprised to be met with bare skin and she found herself aroused by the idea that he was nude, as if waiting for her.

Her fingers dipped down lower, curious if he was fully nude and she rubbed her thighs together when the pads of her fingers brushed against the thatch of hair at the base of his shaft.

Her hand dipped down further, curious about what she'd find. Would his cock be thick, or long? She didn't know but she wanted to learn. She was surprised that he was half hard in

his sleep and she took it as encouragement to stroke his length as it pulsed in her hand.

She was startled when he let out a groan but she continued, eager to pleasure him even as he slept. She moved down the blankets to give herself better access to his cock. She stroked it in the open air before she leaned over him to taste him.

A few moments later and her saliva dripped down his cock as her hand was buried in her cunt, she knew she'd already taken it too far, but she couldn't stop herself now. His cock twitched eagerly in her mouth with each swirl of her tongue but it wasn't enough. She wanted to feel it inside of her. She wanted him to fill up her cunt even though she now dripped down onto his sheets.

She lifted herself up and straddled him, rubbing her wet folds over his hard length and she had to bite her lip to keep silent.

She lifted herself up and gripped his cock to angle it towards her opening. The thick head pressed against her entrance and she slowly sank down onto it. It stretched and pulled, the girth was more than what she was used to and she circled her nub with her fingers to help the pleasure overtake the mild discomfort.

When she was all the way seated she rocked over him, the friction was divine, even as he laid still beneath her. But her feeling of victory over having got what she wanted was short lived has strong hands gripped her hips to still her movements.

“Enjoying yourself Alina?”

Came the low voice of her mentor and guardian.

She whimpered in panic at being caught, the twisted idea of fucking him while he slept and getting caught caused her the clench around him and he groaned and sat up, keeping her pinned to him in the process. She was filled with relief when he didn't throw her out of his bed and his life.

“You could have just told me this is what you wanted, little one.” He told her, his hands moved up her body to pull at the laces of her gown, she thought he was going to pull it over her head but instead he ripped open the delicate fabric, exposing her breasts to the night and to his mouth.

He sucked on one eagerly before switching to the next, his teeth scraped at her sensitive nipple in his eagerness and she let out a moan as the sensation alighted her nerves.

“That’s it.” He said, kissing his way up the column of her throat. “Come for me.” He whispered darkly in her ear. “Let me see you, come.” Her body was aglow with the light that was inside of her, the dark space was suddenly illuminated as she rocked her hips against him. He groaned and his cock throbbed within her as she shattered.

Her body shuddered and buzzed as light exploded around them. She’d barely had time to come back to herself before he was turning them over, laying her on her back and pressing her knees to her chest before pushing his way back inside of her.

“Perfect Alina. My light. I’ve been dreaming of you since you arrived. Hoping the day would come that you would take your place at my side.” He started to fuck her roughly and her arousal switched back into another consuming wave.

“You’re mine now.” He said, his hand cupped her jaw in a way that was possessive in nature but it wasn’t alarming, only all consuming. He’d been waiting for her, letting her make the first move and now he had her. Trapped and pinned beneath him as he took his pleasure, just as she had taken hers.

His hand wedged itself between their bodies so he could strum at the swollen nub that held her pleasure and before long they were both tumbling over the edge. They were sweaty and panting and she was surprised to find that her hands gripped his shoulders as light and dark swirled around the small space of the bed.

His lips trailed over her jaw as he settled next to her. It was comforting, the soft touch after the intensity over what they had just shared.

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